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COLONEL MAHON'S RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

Read the "P.I.P." WAR CHRONICLE.

GAME BRITISH ATTACK ON GAME-TREE FORT.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL, PROMOTED MAJOR-GENERAL.

"B.-P's" HEROIC DEFENCE OF MAFEKING: BADEN-POWELL'S MAXIM—"LET 'EM HAVE IT!"

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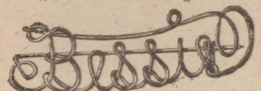

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As an Advertisement, I am giving my customers a 2s. Buckle Knot Ring Absolutely Free.

E. P. HARRIS, WINTER GARDENS, BLACKPOOL.

HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual Injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's Curlers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentations. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders 'Hinde's Wavers,' Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES

It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT has proved its virtues during 200 years, and it may be obtained of all chemists and stores, in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE

Many people use Hair Restorers who will not use a Hair Dye. They toil for weeks and months with a Restorer or Hair Wash. Most of these Restorers—like many Hair Dyes—contain Acetate of Lead and other irritants, causing injury to the scalp, and ruin the Hair. SEEGER'S HAIR DYE contains no such injurious chemicals and will INSTANTLY change Grey (or any colour) Hair to a beautiful Blonde, Brown, or Black, by simply combing it into the Hair. It is guaranteed by eminent Doctors to be perfectly harmless, and has, during its 20 years of popularity, attained an Annual Sale exceeding 310,000 Bottles. Price 2/- per Bottle, of all Druggists, &c., or post free in plain sealed case by sending 2/2 (stating shade required) to the Sole Proprietors—HINDES Ld., Tabernacle St., LONDON. HAIR DYE

Mr. Penley's New Theatre was opened on Thursday with the lively play, "A Little Ray of Sunshine," and there is every reason to anticipate that the sunshine of popularity will brighten the Great Queen Street Theatre, as the transformed Novelty is called.

Miss Janet Steer, who commands admiration alike by her beauty and talent in Mr. Brookfield's drama of "Kenyon's Widow" at the Comedy, is shortly to appear in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea."

"Pretty Polly," a bright little duologue by Captain Basil Hood, the librettist of "the Rose of Persia," precedes that melodious comic opera at the Savoy Theatre. Miss Louie Pounds and Mr. H. A. Lytton represent the pleasing sketch in a very agreeable manner. "The Rose of Persia" is still blooming, its charming music and fanciful story attracting large audiences.

THE "P.I.P." NARRATIVE OF THE BOER WAR.

RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

THE NATION'S JOY.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

HEROIC "B.-P.'s" PROMOTION.

LONDON BEFLAGGED.

A CITY OF UNION JACKS!

LONDON held a hilarious red, white, and blue Carnival of exuberant joy on Saturday last on receipt of the glad tidings that the prolonged siege of Mafeking had at length been raised, and ever-vigilant and resourceful Colonel Baden-Powell, with Lord Edward Cecil and the courageous garrison, had been relieved. To Reuter's well-informed Correspondent at Pretoria belonged the distinction of being first to convey the welcome news over the wires of the Eastern Telegraph Company. This cablegram reached London on Friday night, May 18, and

A Wave of Enthusiasm

swept from Fleet Street, where the longed-for announcements were displayed in the windows

MAJOR LORD EDWARD CECIL,
LORD SALISBURY'S GALLANT SOLDIER-SON; "B.-P.'s" RIGHT-HAND MAN DURING THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

of the newspaper offices, to the Mansion House, the large space in front of which was filled in an astonishingly quick time by thousands of cheering men and lads, to whom the Lord Mayor communicated the news. His Lordship then lost not a moment in despatching the following telegram to the intrepid Commander of Mafeking—

"To Baden-Powell, Mafeking, viâ Cape Town.—Citizens London relieved and rejoiced by good news just received. Your gallant defence will long live in British annals. Cable me what money wanted for needs of garrison and inhabitants after long privations.—ALFRED NEWTON, Lord Mayor."

The public excitement was intense in every quarter.

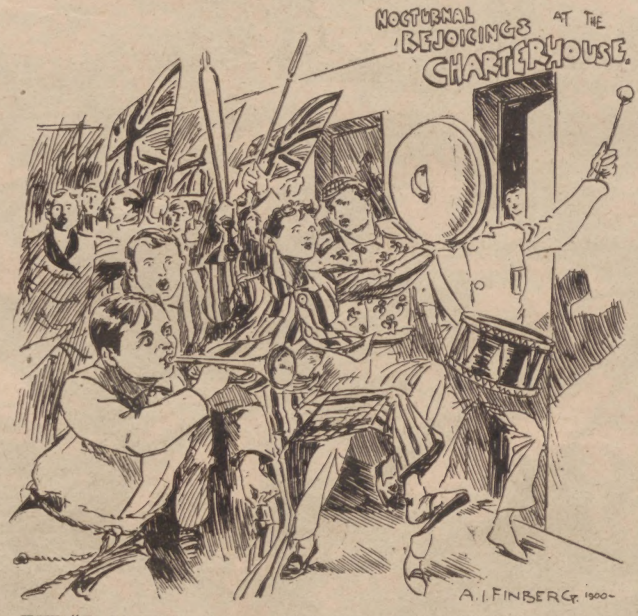
The Prince and Princess of Wales at the Opera

were stirred by it. When the cheering intelligence reached His Royal Highness in the omnibus-box, he forthwith went up to the Royal box, in which were the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria. By intuition the vast audience seemed to know that Mafeking had been relieved, and in the entr'acte ("Lohengrin" was the opera) the "gods" struck up "God Save the Queen" to express their great delight, and the Prince, standing in the front of the Royal box with the Princesses, instinctively beat time with his hand in thorough sympathy with the popular feeling. Similar demonstrations took place in other theatres. Enormous crowds perambulated the Strand and the chief West-End thoroughfares, waving Union Jacks, till the small hours of Saturday morning. As if by magic, London's streets, the humblest as well as the biggest, became

Smothered in Union Jacks,

so general was the feeling of rejoicing; and throughout Saturday the enthusiasm of the populace reached a height transcending the Ladysmith demonstration. The sketches and photographs we print afford some notion of the wild *abandon* of the people on that memorable Nineteenth of May. Look at the Photograph on our "World of Women" page of the surging mob in front of the Royal Exchange! Well, those who stood on the steps of the Exchange beheld a sea of heads reaching past the Bank of England and the Mansion House and down

MAFEKING NIGHT AT THE OPERA: THE PRINCE BEAT TIME AS THE AUDIENCE SANG "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."



HOW "B.-P.'s" OLD SCHOOL, CHARTERHOUSE, RUSHED OUT OF BED AND CELEBRATED THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

TAKE CARE when drinking Cocoa to have the pure article only, as many so-called "pure" Cocoas contain added matter that is not only unnecessary, but often positively harmful. CADBURY'S is absolutely pure, and a perfect food. Insist on having "Cadbury's," as other Cocoas are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.—[ADVT.]

Cheapside and Queen Victoria Street. Good Humour mercifully prevailed. Troops of men and women and youths marched, waving small Union Jacks, and exchanging greetings with demonstrative flag-wavers on 'buses and cabs. Hysterical girls took up the patriotic chorus in hansoms. Never, surely, was

Hero Lionised as Baden-Powell was,

and never more deservedly. As Her Most Gracious Majesty said in her congratulatory message, he had held the fort for seven long months, and against heavy odds and a persistent enemy, who tried in vain to capture the plucky garrison and its intrepid and watchful chief. "B.-P." being the centre of heartfelt admiration, naturally the town-house of the Baden-Powells in St. George's Terrace, facing Hyde Park, was visited by cheering throngs. The most notable pilgrims were sketched by a *P.I.P.* Artist on the Saturday afternoon as they paid tribute to the venerable mother of "B.-P.," and his brother and sister. These were the students of Art, Science, and Music from South Kensington, who marched in procession with a large bust of Baden-Powell and a large lion's form in the van—both reflecting credit on the School of Sculpture—and who had the gratification of hearing Mr. Baden-Powell, speaking from the balcony, saying that the bust was most lifelike. Some of the prettiest girl students were armed with collecting-boxes, and secured a goodly sum for the Mansion House War Fund. Till late at night and far into Sunday morning did Londoners keep up this unprecedented Carnival of rejoicing, which cannot fail to have had this good effect: that it has bound together fraternally all classes with a feeling of greater mutual respect, in that we know that the valorous men whom Baden-Powell has found so brave, enduring, and steadfast for seven long and most perilous months are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, and that the same indomitable spirit is shown by Englishmen all the world over, whether in War or in Peace.

Lord Roberts's Cablegram Respecting the Relief of Mafeking by Colonel Mahon

should first be given in resuming our Chronicle of the Transvaal War—

Lord Roberts to the Secretary of State for War.

KROONSTAD, May 21, 8.25 a.m.

Mahon reports having joined Plumer at Janmassibi on 15th May.

He was followed by the Boer commando from Maratsani Siding, and turned westward to avoid it.

On 13th he was attacked in thick bush, losing five killed, two missing, twenty-four wounded, including Major Mullens (Imperial Light Horse), dangerously, Captain Maxwell (Kimberley Mounted Corps), severely, Mr. Hands (*Daily Mail* correspondent), dangerously.

The Boers lost more than Mahon in killed and wounded.

Another report has been received from Baden-Powell, dated May 13, giving the important news that before dawn on the 13th a storming party 250 strong, personally led by Eloff, rushed the pickets and got into Staat and Protectorate Camp from westward along Molopo Valley, strong musketry demonstration being made at same time along eastern part of our position.

The western posts closed in and stopped Boer supports following up, thus cutting off Eloff's retreat, while town defences stopped his further advance.

His force got divided in darkness, and a strong party was pushed in between it, completely surrounding it.

Fighting went on all day.

Soon after nightfall two parties surrendered, and the other was driven out of the Staat under heavy fire.

Ten dead and nineteen wounded of the enemy were left behind, and 108 prisoners taken, including Eloff and nine officers.

Seventeen Frenchmen and many Germans are among the prisoners.

Our losses were six men killed. Wounded: Captain Singleton (slightly), Lieutenant Bridges (slightly), and about nine men.

Colonel Mahon's Record.

The remarkably skilful officer who effected the relief of Mafeking was well chosen for the work. Colonel Bryan Thomas Mahon, D.S.O., of the 8th (the King's Royal Irish) Hussars, like many of the commanding officers now in South Africa, won distinction under Lord Kitchener in the Soudan. Colonel Mahon was in command of the cavalry that, under Sir Reginald Wingate, tracked the Khalifa and brought him to book near Gedid last November. Subsequently Colonel Mahon was sent in command of an Egyptian force to El Obeid, which place he occupied on Dec. 17 last. He served with the Dongola Expeditionary Force in 1896 as Staff officer to Sir Herbert Kitchener, and was present at the engagements of Firket and Hafir. Continued Good Luck to the gallant Colonel!

STUDENT LADS AND LASSES DEMONSTRATING THEIR DELIGHT OUTSIDE "B.-P.'s" TOWN HOUSE IN ST. GEORGE'S PLACE.

The Boers' Last Attack

on Mafeking took place on Saturday, May 12, as already briefly mentioned. It is to the credit of the remarkably well-conducted *Daily Mail* that—despite the sad fatalities and serious injuries and illnesses it has had to deplore in the ranks of its numerous War Correspondents, last of whom to be dangerously wounded, alas! was every Pressman's favourite, Mr. Charles E. Hands, with the Relief Force—it should have been first in the field with details of the final Boer assault on Baden-Powell.

"Lieutenant Eloff has for some time (wrote the *Daily Mail's* Mafeking Correspondent May 12) been menacing Mafeking with the prospects of what he and his bolder comrades were going to do. To-day he fell into one of

MARVELLOUS RESULTS IN CURING CORPULENCY.

INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

GOOD NEWS for STOUT PEOPLE

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers, who have an opportunity of judging, inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past at fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text-book, "Corpulency and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far more remote than those of West End fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had by sending four penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation."—*Bicester Herald.*

[ADVT.

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GOLD, £10
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£15 GOLD ENGLISH LEVER.
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the various traps which we have left open for him for months.

"This morning at four o'clock the enemy, who had evidently been much strengthened during the last few days, made a feint of attacking on the eastern side of the town while a large force, which during the night had crept along the river, under the guidance of rebel natives, who chose the most crafty detours, managed to pass into the Baralong location.

"This they burned, the natives' huts blazing fiercely for nearly a mile in length. Then, finding themselves unopposed, the leader of the enemy shouted, 'Hurrah! come out, you skulkers; to-day we take Mafeking.' Instantly another man behind called out, 'Run, run! here are the rooineks.' Nearly all turned and fled, in spite of the leader's piteously crying out, 'Come back, come back! Allemachtig, we are surrounded.'

"They were. Captain Marsh, of the Protectorate Regiment, at once opened fire from the fort on either side, cutting off and repulsing the main body of the Dutch, who, true to their usual tactics, kept well in the rear, but driving the vanguard of about 150, who were apparently for the most part Portuguese, Germans, and French, into the native location which they had burned.

"The enemy here broke into two parties, one being penned up in a stone cattle-kraal, and the other hemmed in a hollow behind a kopje, but inside our outer defences.

"Here they were cornered, having no water and little food. Meantime, however, the enemy had been active in another direction. A strong party, who were estimated at 500, ran round outside the native location and reached the camp close to the railway. There they surprised and, after sharp fighting, captured Lieutenant-Colonel Hore, Captain Singleton, and Veterinary-Surgeon Dunlop Smith, who for a time were penned up with about forty of the enemy in the offices of the British South African Protectorate."

Capture of Kruger's Nephew.

"I am now able to supplement my previous message. About four o'clock yesterday [wrote the *Daily Mail* Correspondent within Mafeking on Sunday, May 13], the lot in cattle-kraal surrendered. Some got away, but twenty-five were marched into town and lodged in jail.

"After dark those in the B.S.A. Police office tried to rush out. Some got away, but we knocked over about a dozen, and the remainder—sixty—surrendered.

"We marched them to the Masonic Hall. They are principally French, German, and Portuguese. Among them is Sarel Eloff, Kruger's nephew, who cursed the Queen at the Johannesburg national race-meeting, and was punished by being promoted. We also secured Counts de Bremont (French) and von Weiss (German).

"The total of prisoners taken is 113. We find now they were guided by two deserters, rebels, Hay and Bolton. One of our men named Mattushek was asked to surrender. He replied, 'Never.' They at once shot him through the head. At the enemy's request we have handed over their dead to-day."

Lady Sarah Wilson Cheerful to the Last.

To the same supremely popular ha'penny morning paper, Lady Sarah Wilson wrote on the day before the final Boer attack—

"As we near the end of the siege our conditions in the little town are perhaps becoming more cheerful. The rainy season is apparently over, and the weather is splendid; consequently the fever epidemic is diminishing.

"Our rations are still very small, but it is wonderful on how little one can manage to exist, and the new food called brawn, made of horse and ox hides, is a great success. This food and some porridge—for which, by the way, the genius who invented it has received a bonus of £5 from the Government, so invaluable is it to our rations supply—is equal to six weeks' additional provisions.

"The natives prefer it to any other food, so the siege will have taught them, among other things, the use of this type of porridge."

How Colonel Mahon's Flying Relief Column Sped from Kimberley.

Mr. Charles E. Hands, the daring *Daily Mail* Special, whose grievous wound Lord Roberts mentioned, thus told how Colonel Mahon started on his mission: "The Flying Mounted Column which was secretly and swiftly organised by General Sir Archibald Hunter for the relief of Mafeking started from Barkly on Friday last [May 4], and arrived here to-night [Vryburg, May 9], having covered over 130 miles in five days.

"It is a grand force of mounted men—the Imperial Light Horse from Ladysmith, the Kimberley Mounted Corps, with Royal Horse Artillery and 'pom-poms,' with a selected body of infantry from the Fusilier Brigade. A special equipment of light-springed mule transport completed the splendid column.

"Colonel Mahon is in command. The force, so equipped, was enabled to move with such rapidity that, although this is a difficult country, requiring vigilant scouting, the Boers were taken completely by surprise.

"The column moved parallel to the enemy's Vaal positions at Rooidam and Fourteen Streams, actually getting behind them without firing a shot. So close were we that on Sunday and Monday General Hunter's balloon was plainly visible, and his bombardment was loudly heard. The route taken was between the Vaal and the Hart Rivers, then the right bank of the dry Hart River, abreast of Taungs, and then Pudimoe, Roodepoort, and Vryburg."

Mr. Hands (may the life of this brave War Correspondent be spared!) went on to say in his next letter telegraphed that the column sped with equal celerity from Vryburg to Monjani Mabili, where Lieutenant Moorsome, of the Protectorate Regiment, joined Colonel Mahon from Mafeking, having previously ridden to Plumer's Camp—"a daring ride of nearly 300 miles."

How Mr. Hands was Wounded

was related by Mr. John Stuart, of the *Morning Post*, in a despatch, dated Janmadibis, May 15.

"We left Setlagoai on Sunday at sunrise and made a detour westwards to avoid Koodoosrand, where there was a strong force of Boers. The manœuvre was successful, but a large force of Boers ambushed in the dense bush, seven miles to the north-west of Koodoosrand, encountered column about four. There was a short, sharp struggle.

"The Light Horse dislodged the Boers, who endeavoured to enfilade the convoy, but our artillery prevented it. Our pom-poms also came into action. After the artillery-fire the Boers fled, the rearguard, composed of the Kimberley mounted men, enfilading their retreat.

"Hands, who was with the advanced guard, was among the first wounded. He sustained a compound fracture of the thigh, but is most cheerful and plucky. The bone was set easily, and Hands is now with the main ambulance at Brady's Farm, where he is receiving every care and attention.

"The column arrived here this morning, where they

Met Colonel Plumer's Force,

who brought news of the attack on Mafeking which was repulsed on Saturday, when Lieutenant Eloff and thirteen officers were taken prisoners. It was a desperate engagement, and lasted sixteen hours, being decided in the very streets of Mafeking. Our casualties on Sunday were six killed and twenty-one wounded. The Boers left thirty dead. Among our wounded are Major Mullins, of the Imperial Light Horse."

Baden-Powell, Major-General.

The Queen has approved of the promotion of Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell to be Major-General.

Baden-Powell Reports that Mafeking was Relieved May 17, and Snyman Attacked the Same Day.

It will be observed that it was at first reported by Lord Roberts that "B.-P." was succoured on May 18. But it appears to have been the 17th inst. when he was really relieved, as will be seen from the despatch from Baden-Powell himself sent by Lord Roberts last Tuesday—

HONING'S SPRUIT, May 22, 3.45 p.m.

Following telegram received from Major-General Baden-Powell, dated Mafeking, May 17—

I beg to inform you Mafeking successfully relieved to-day. Northern and southern columns joined hands 2a 15th. Attacked enemy yesterday (16th), and after smart engagement entirely defeated them with loss. British casualties: three killed, twenty-two wounded. Relieving force marched into Mafeking this morning at nine.

Relief and defence force combined moved out and attacked enemy's head laager, shelled them out, and nearly captured Snyman. Took one gun, flag, and large amount ammunition, stores, etc. Five dead, fifteen wounded Boers found. Enemy appeared to be retreating in all directions; except one commando lying low, possibly to cover retreat of remainder.

Captain MacLaren and Corporal Murray, B.S.A. Police, found in Boer hospital, both doing well. Found people and garrison Mafeking heartily grateful for their relief.

"Bobs'" Renewed Advance.

Lord Roberts reported from Honing's Spruit the same afternoon—

"Ian Hamilton reached Heilbron this morning (May 22) after series of engagements with Boer force under Commandant Christopher de Wet, who is retiring before him.

"Broadwood has captured fifteen Boer wagons.

"There have been seventy-five casualties in Hamilton's force up to yesterday evening.

"We marched here this morning."

Buller's Advance: Bethune Ambushed.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Correspondent in a message despatched last Saturday stated that when passing through Dundee the Boers were boasting of their intention to make a stand at Laing's Nek, and there give battle to General Buller's Army, but when Newcastle was reached the boastful spirit was gone. A paralytic flight had taken its place.

But a grave reverse should make Buller's officers careful. Sir Redvers Buller, in a despatch dated Newcastle Tuesday morning, announced that Colonel Bethune had informed him that, while on the march to that place on Monday, one of his squadrons of Mounted Infantry was ambushed by the Boers about six miles south-west of Vryheid. Very few escaped, the casualties being about sixty. Colonel Bethune added that he had returned to Nqutu for supplies, and would march to Newcastle via Dundee.

The Drawing illustrates one of the pleasant surprises that have occasionally occurred after a fight. The incident happened near Ladysmith, and shows how the devoted Ambulance men, expecting to find another dead soldier, were agreeably astonished to find their man alive and well.

A BATTLEFIELD SURPRISE.

The Relief of Mafeking.

"All's well."—*Message from Colonel Baden-Powell.*

"ALL is well"—the Colonel's message went
far across the veldt;
"All is well," the Maxims thundered;
"All is well," we thought and felt.
And in every heart the sentence like a token
seemed to ring—
Famine, sickness, pain, and parting, yet "all's
well" in Mafeking.

All was well, we knew, in England: ours were
England's faith and trust;
Would we hold out? Ay, we'd hold out till
each British heart was dust.
Count the days that we had held out 'mid a
pelting storm of hell,
And if all was well in England, all in Mafeking
was well.

'Mid the perils and privations when receding
hope grew dim,
And relief too long in coming, we had but to
look at him,
But to see that war-worn helmet like a hopeful
signal rise,
And to look into the Colonel's eyes of steel—
the soldier's eyes;

Eyes of strength and cheery courage, eyes
that seemed to set aflame
All the virtues of a hero in each one that near
him came.
He's the picture of a soldier both in soul and
body part,
And the whole brave British Army rolled in
one for pluck and heart.

It was he who raised and kept us far above
un-English fear,
And the sauce to our poor rations were the
Colonel's words of cheer.
Cheery confidence, cool courage, faith that
Time relief would bring,
Were a few bright seeds of Britain that he
sowed in Mafeking.

Oft we sang, to cheer each other, many a
patriotic strain
'Twixt the boom of guns and answering fires
that starred the dusky plain.
One we sang, and sang it often, and you'd
never understand
Why it cheered us till you've heard it in a far
and foreign land:—

"We've MacDonald, the pride of three nations,
We've Roberts, the wonder of all,
And with these and the heroes they're heading,
We may falter, but never shall fall.
We may blunder, but never dishonour
The flag that the strongest may dread.
Ay, and worthy the name we have won her,
'Little England's' still going ahead.

"She may number her friends by the dozen,
She may number her foes by the score,
But she's got an American cousin,
And she's Mother to Nations galore.
And methinks that in trouble or danger
She can lean on the heroes she bred;
Then it's *that* for the foe and the stranger—
'Little England's' still going ahead.

"Should there march a battalion of nations
To bar her victorious way,
'Little England' and all her relations
Together would hold them at bay.
Ay, in spite of their schemes and ambitions,
Spite of all that is done and is said,
Spite of Mauser, Krupp, Maxim, and Shrapnel,
'Little England's' still going ahead.

"Then it's *that* for the stranger and foemen.
Stand, Jack, jolly Jack, to the fore;
Stand, sailor and soldier and yeoman,
Till the seas that we rule are no more.
They are proof against all sorts of weather,
Are the khaki, the blue, and the red.
God guard them! Now, friends, all together,
'Little England's' still going ahead."

Hark! the sound of distant firing! Is it gleam
of sword or lance?
Are they coming? They are coming—there's
the drums that beat "Advance"!
Hark the bugle! see the khaki! Is it—yes, it
is in sight!
Oh, what joy there'll be in England, little
England, on this night!

"All is well" in dear Old England, "all is well"
in Mafeking;
Is it Mahon, is it Plumer? But it's "Bobs"
that's done the thing.
He has kept his word, has Roberts. What! are
we too weak for cheers?
Never! Now, then—just a minute first, and—
tears, and tears, and tears.

There's the bronzed, brave hero-faces, there's
the measured martial tread;
We are hungry, but we're English—see, the
flag still flies o'erhead.
We are hungry, but we're English; cheer
we must and cheer we will—
Three times three for Baden-Powell and the
flag that's flying still!

Oh, the bluff, brave British greetings fall
like music on our ears.
But what's that that's rising, swelling o'er
the broken sea of cheers?
Dear old song that knits our country with
the farthest, foreign scene,
They'll be singing it in England soon—"God
Save, God Save the Queen!"

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

BUY THE "ILLUSTRATED WAR SPECIAL," PRINTED IN COLOURS, 1d., EVERY WEDNESDAY.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

HAYWARD, OF SURREY.

DESPITE the cold breath of May and the boundary-nets at Lord's, batsmen have this season made things tolerably warm. It will not do to suggest that the low temperature has prejudiced the efforts of bowlers and fieldsmen, for plenty of good deeds have been done by both. So we must give every credit to always, of course, remembering that wickets improve every year, and that the effect of wet seems to be less lasting than formerly. Hayward, of Surrey, has shown, so far, wonderful form, having outshone all other batsmen. To the end of last week he had played seven innings of first-class cricket, and had scored 782 runs. As in two of his innings he was not out, he had in round numbers an

Average of 156 Runs.

It is not to be expected that this high rate of scoring will be maintained, but there is no reason why Hayward, having begun so well, should not have a phenomenal season. His highest innings of this year has been 193, obtained early last week against Leicestershire, who were hopelessly out of it against Surrey, for whom Mr. V. F. S. Crawford (72), Lockwood (71), and five wickets for 38 runs), and Richardson (ten wickets for 96 runs) also did well. Surrey's defeat of Derbyshire later in the week was almost as severe, though the latter scored 329 (Mr. L. G. Wright 134) in their first innings. Hayward made 120 and Hayes 86 of 453 runs obtained for nine wickets, and Lees took nine wickets for 99 runs.

Mold Bowled Well

against Warwickshire at Liverpool at the end of last week. He took ten wickets for 115 runs, a feat which helped materially in gaining victory for Lancashire by ten wickets. It was not a heavy-scoring match, Mr. C. R. Hartley's 62 being the highest innings.

J. Gunn's Bowling

helped Notts last week to a highly creditable victory by 90 runs over Gloucestershire at Bristol. He took eleven wickets for 132 runs. This nephew of the famous William Gunn has improved vastly. He bowls an excellent length, varies his pace with judgment, and occasionally delivers a ball which "comes with his arm" in most perplexing style. Arthur Shrewsbury (90) and Mr. A. O. Jones (73) were the highest scorers. Mr. F. C. Weaver took five wickets for 63 in the Notts second innings. The western county suffered their second defeat of the week at Leyton. They found

Carpenter, Mr. P. Perrin, Mr. Kortright, and Mead

all in excellent form. The first-named scored 67 and 135, Mr. Perrin made 106 and 45; Mr. Kortright secured ten wickets for 98 runs, Mead took seven for 97. In the result Essex won by 261 runs. Against Sussex bowlers Worcestershire, at Brighton, scored very well—Bowley, 95 and 25; whom Killick made 126 not out, Reif 96, and Mr. A. Collins 80, did better. Indeed, Sussex did so well that K. S. Ranjitsinhji took advantage of the new rule and closed the first innings of his county on the second day. The total reached was 389 for seven wickets. Tate and Bland were successful with the ball, and Sussex won by seven wickets.

Two Hundreds in One Match by Mr. R. E. Foster.

For the second time in his career, yet in the youthful stage, Mr. R. E. Foster, now Oxford captain, has played two innings of three figures in one first-class match. Last year it was for his county, Worcestershire, that he performed the feat; now he has repeated it on behalf of his University. With the exception of Mr. W. G. Grace, no other cricketer, I believe, has done this more than once, though Mr. C. B. Fry narrowly missed doing so in two consecutive matches. Mr. Foster's fine cricket helped Oxford to beat Mr. A. J. Webbe's team comfortably.

Rhodes at Cambridge.

Eight wickets for 68 runs was the record made by Rhodes against Cambridge University in their second innings, and it gave Yorkshire a much easier victory than at one time seemed probable. Brown senior scored 129 for the county.

Batsmen Start the Week Gaily.

Abel 221, Hayes 150, Lockwood (not out) 104; total, 495 for five wickets. This was the story the score-card told at the close of the first day's play in the match at Kennington Oval on Monday. Abel played with all his old skill, and was able to claim the highest score of the season so far; but perhaps more notice was taken of Hayes's batting, which was at times very vigorous. It was, indeed, Hayes's best effort, his highest innings previously standing at 131, made against the Australians.

Somerset Make 513

against M.C.C. and Ground at Bath, Gill contributing 178, Mr. C. A. Bernard 87, Mr. S. M. J. Woods 78, and Robson 77. Considering the splendid condition of the wicket, Cranfield did well to get six wickets for 131 runs.

At Lord's

Middlesex Scored 424

for six wickets against Sussex. Mr. P. F. Warner obtained 114; Mr. G. S. F. Griffin was approaching the third figure when time arrived, and three other batsmen scored over fifty. Mr. A. E. Stoddart just "saved his duck."

Mr. G. L. Jessop and Board

were the chief batting entertainers at Catford. The amateur made 77, Board 66. Gloucestershire's total amounted to 344. It would have exceeded this number but for Blythe, who took for Kent five wickets for 71 runs. But for Storer, who put together 73, Derbyshire would have fared badly against Yorkshire, for whom Rhodes secured seven wickets for 72 runs. The Yorkshiremen men began exceedingly well, thanks to Brown senior and Denton. Against Leicestershire the Notts captain, Mr. A. O. Jones, gave a fine display, scoring 142 not out. This and Mr. Dixon's bowling (five wickets for 56 runs) were the chief features of the cricket at Leicester.

R. E. Foster Makes Another hundred.

This was for Oxford against the London County. His innings amounted to 169. Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet scored 125, and Oxford's total amounted to 539.

Virtue's A.A.C.

A capital meeting was held by Messrs. Virtue and Co.'s young men at the Tee-to-Tum Grounds, Stamford Hill, on Saturday. The programme included four open events, each of which commanded capital entries. At the Paddington C.C. sports on Saturday S. J. Terry distinguished himself greatly by winning the mile bicycle handicap (ten yards from G. E. Humphreys, the scratch man, who was second), the hour scratch race, and, with B. Brown as partner, the two-mile tandem handicap. In the one mile time trials G. E. Humphreys rode the distance in 2 min. 10 sec., the track record being 2 min. 9 4-5 sec.

The Mercers' School

(built on the site of Barnard's Inn, Holborn) has been jubilant of late. The annual sports drew a large company last Saturday to the London County Athletic Grounds, Herne Hill; the good time made in the races proved that physical, as well as a first-class mental education is promoted by the Head Master, the Rev. D. L. Scott, M.A., LL.D., and his zealous Assistant-Masters; and Mrs. Scott graciously presented the handsome prizes. On Monday, while the boys were celebrating the relief of Mafeking by a procession with flags and musical accompaniment in the playground, the Master of the Mercers' Company entered to convey to Dr. Scott the good news that the lads could make holiday on Tuesday in honour of the joyous event the nation has commemorated so heartily, and to signalise the fact that Major-General Baden-Powell is a Member of the Mercers', one of the most ancient and most munificent of City Companies. So that the Mercers' as well as the Charterhouse School (where the hero of the hour received his early education, and where also the raising of the siege was hilariously celebrated) feels that it has a vested interest in the military genius all classes of Britons most justly admire.

39 Miles 624 Yards in an Hour.

This is what Bonhours accomplished at the Pare des Princes track, Paris, on Sunday, in a fifty-mile international paced race. The distance constitutes a world's record. Baugé, who won the race, also established a world's record by riding the fifty miles in 1 hour 16 min. At Celtic Park, Glasgow, too, there was some remarkable riding, and several Scottish records underwent improvement; and the Glasgow Merchants' C.C. were in high glee, more especially as their meeting was attended by some 20,000 persons. T. J. Gascoyne, from scratch, won the quarter-mile cycle handicap in 31 1-5 sec. (2-5 sec. better than previous Scottish best) and the ten-mile scratch race in 25 min. 53 2-5 sec. Then in the one hour invitation motor-paced race J. Platt-Betts covered 32 miles 500 yards.

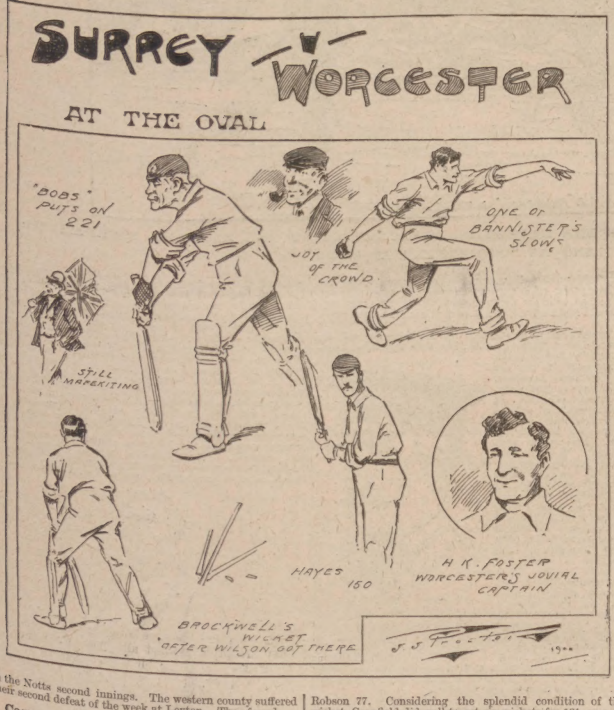
Miss Rhona Adair, Lady Golf Champion.

At Westward Ho last week, Miss Rhona Adair, who had previously won the Irish ladies' championship, achieved success in the more important competition. That it was well deserved there can be no question, for she met and beat Miss Sybil Whigham (who had beaten the holder, Miss May Hezlet), Miss A. B. Pascoe, and Miss Molly Whigham, each of whom had been considered good enough to win. Indeed, both the Misses Whigham ran Miss Adair very close, only losing at the last hole. Miss Adair has not been playing golf very long, and has quite a style of her own. Her approaches last week were at times faulty, but her brassie shots and putting were excellent, as also was her judgment when difficulties arose.—**BANSHEE.**

The Printers' Pension Corporation was enriched to the extent of £6000 by the festival at which Mr. Cecil Harmsworth was the chairman; and Mr. Charles A. Pearson, fearless founder of the *Daily Express*, presided to similarly good effect at the dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution at the Metropole on Tuesday night. This is a thrift-society which has the hearty and substantial support of the Hon. F. W. D. Smith, M.P., Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., Mr. John C. Francis, and numerous other kind-hearted men, and is instrumental in doing a world of good.

THE NEWMARKET STAKES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DIAMOND JUBILEE, THE WINNER, ESCORTED TO THE POST BY HIS OLD FRIEND, FEONTIGNAN.



THE RACING WORLD.

THE Racing World was somewhat startled at hearing of

M. Sevier's Plucky Purchase of the Colt by Melton—Minera.

The sum paid was eleven thousand pounds, there or thereabouts, an enormous price for a youngster to fetch before Epsom Summer Meeting, or, for that matter, after it. He has many rich engagements, and may prove worth the fortune he has cost, but when you put the eleven thousand pounds in one hand, so to speak, and the horse in the other, not many of us would, I think, hesitate long in choosing which prize to take.

Mr. Musker has a great chance of carrying off the Derby with

Chevening, Who Gave Diamond Jubilee a Very Hard Race

indeed in the Newmarket Stakes. The circumstance of this pair being so evenly matched has already done wonders for the Epsom race in awakening the public interest. Till Chevening ran home with the Prince's Two Thousand Guineas winner the Derby looked like drifting into a one-horse race, and we should, I think, have found backers ready to lay odds on the Jubilee had he landed his second race of the season at all easily. As it was, he only just scored, and there are many who think that he ought to have been beaten.

Diamond Jubilee's Prospects

are not anything like as good as they were, for if what is said about him is true he has been giving a good deal of trouble at home, and his trainer must have a very anxious time with him for fear that he goes back into his old bad ways.

Going to Race at Epsom

amid the bustle and noise of a Derby Day and quietly walking out of his stable over to the Rowley Mile Paddock are two very different businesses.

On Saturday the racing world was very much on the *qui vive* for news concerning Disguise and Forfarshire, who were both to be tried—at least, so said gossip. That Disguise would be put through the mill with Rensselaer, who had been lent by Mr. Macdonald for that purpose, was almost publicly announced, and similar news regarding Forfarshire's being given a strong spin was also circulated, but none knew when the spin would come off.

For the last fortnight

Disguise

has certainly been the coming horse, and his admirers grew fonder of his chance when Sloan was engaged to ride him on Wednesday next.

The Little Yank

has been riding uncommonly well this season, and his strong personal following are sure to bring him to a short price if he is fancied by the stable right up to the day. Mr. Keene, his owner's, coming over here to see the race was taken as a tip that Darling was sweet on the Beckhampton colt, and, as I thought, the fact of his weakening a trifle in Saturday's market might be read as a good sign, because so often horses that are to be backed in the following week are purposely set back at the close of the preceding. No move was made then, but may come. Arguing on the same lines,

Forfarshire's Party Should Feel Encouraged,

for he also dropped back a bit. Some who have been watching his work consider that his trainer has not given him enough fast galloping, and certainly his backers would have liked to see him led by a better schoolmaster. Still, without doubt, Joe Day is a man who understands his business, and he ought to be the best judge of what suits him and is likely to do good. Whatever beats Forfarshire will win.

Morny Cannon

will, if not wanted for Kingsclere, ride Chevening, who, unless Diamond Jubilee was a little off last Wednesday, must go very close indeed towards beating all the three-year-old form seen out this year for which a direct line can be taken. I shall stand

Forfarshire

and Disguise. I may add that owners of some of the outsiders are hopeful—Bonarosa is greatly fancied, and Sailor Lad is not to be judged by his Guineas performance. The Manchester Cup looks good for Joe Chamberlain.

BENDIGO.

START OF A MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE AT NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING: THE STARTING-MACHINE AT WORK.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

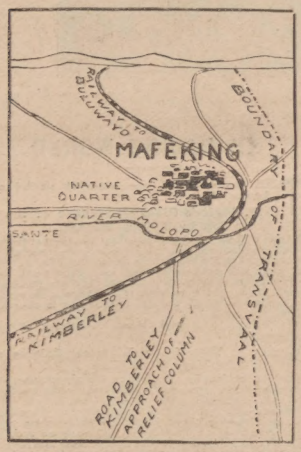
HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN inspected last Monday at Windsor the draft of 200 Reservists which the 1st Grenadier Guards despatched on Wednesday to reinforce the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of that regiment in South Africa. The men wore khaki. Colonel Kinloch, who has just returned from the 3rd Battalion at the front to take command of the 1st Grenadier Guards, was presented to Her Majesty, and he in turn presented the officers of the draft, of which Captain G. D. White is in command.

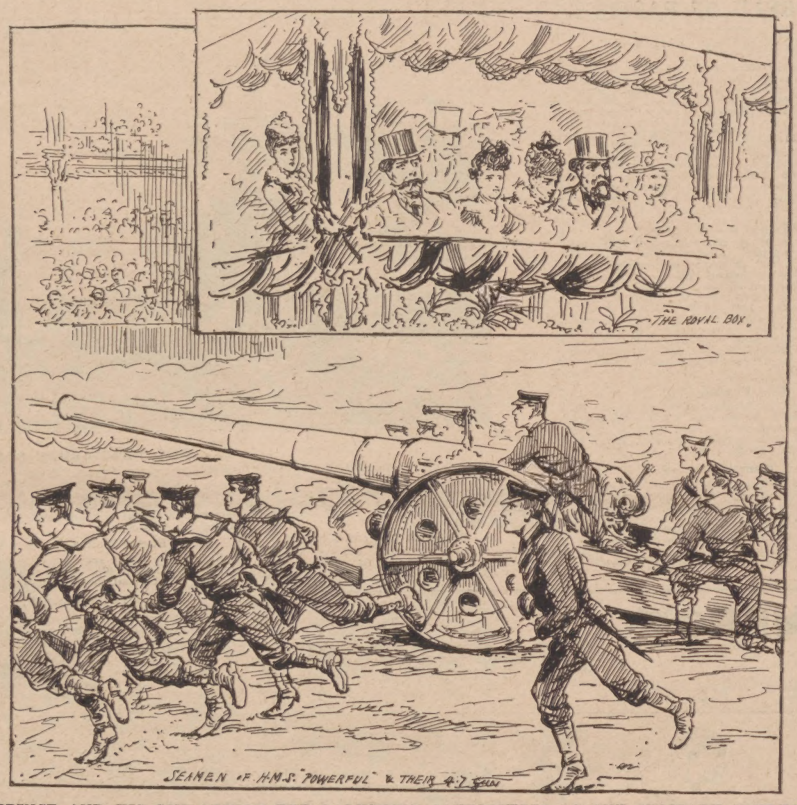
Her Majesty wished officers and men Godspeed, adding: "I feel sure you will do your duty, as the men who have gone before you have done." Since the campaign began, the Sovereign has seen and personally wished Godspeed to many important contingents, but it was impossible on Monday, in face of the good tidings from the seat of war, to help feeling that this fine body of men was probably the last that it would be found necessary to send out.

Her Majesty left Windsor on Tuesday night for the North, travelling continuously in the Royal special train to Ballater, which was reached at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The remainder of the journey was by coach to Balmoral. "Many Happy Returns of the Day!"

Our Sketch Map shows the route of the Mafeking relief column. The approaches by road and rail from Kimberley to Mafeking are clearly defined. A Central News telegram states that the town was entered from the south, and the relief force was vigorously attacked by the Boers, who mustered in strong numbers. The attack was repulsed with splendid effect, and the British soldiers pushed ahead. As usual in recent combats, the enemy did not wait, but hurriedly retreated. Our troops pursued, the Boers fighting a rearguard action for some time.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE ADOPTED BY THE MAFEKING RELIEF COLUMN.



THE PRINCE AND HIS SON ADMIRE THE LADYSMITH BLUEJACKETS AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT: LOOKING AS "POWERFUL" AS EVER.

Many Members of stylish society in London have been watching anxiously for news of the relief, as among those shut up in the town were Lord Edward Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, and that daring lady journalist, Lady Sarah Wilson. Their safety is now assured, and the tension which caused their friends so much anxiety is relaxed. Lady Georgiana Curzon has already cabled several thousand pounds to Colonel Baden-Powell to meet the immediate needs of the women and children at Mafeking, and the fund is still increasing. Mr. Frank Whiteley, whose portrait we give, has the proud distinction of being Mayor of Mafeking, and has taken a leading part in the defence of the town, as might be expected of a man with such an eventful career. Mr. Whiteley is a Yorkshireman. He left Bradford when quite young, and for years roamed about the then unknown districts in Bechuanaland, hunting for game and trading in ivory. Mr. Whiteley, who speaks Bechuana, Dutch, and several native dialects, has been in the gravest positions continually, and few men besides his old comrade Selous have such a record of adventure.

LADY SARAH WILSON, Who has been Shut Up in Mafeking.

We Give a Portrait of Private R. Carter, of the Cape Pioneer Railway Corps, who died at Mafeking on March 26 from malarial fever. Private Carter will be considered one of the saviours of Mafeking, as it was due to his efforts, in conjunction with two friends, that the "sowan's porridge" was made, and upon which the garrison, to a great extent, subsisted. A sad feature in connection with his death is that his son, who was with Colonel Plumer's force, will have now learned the sad news.

LATE PRIVATE R. CARTER, Whose "Porridge" fed the Besieged in Mafeking.

MR. F. WHITELEY, Mayor of Mafeking.

Commander-in-Chief in India.—General Sir Arthur Power Palmer, K.C.B., has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, in succession to the late Sir William Lockhart. Sir Arthur is just sixty. He was educated at Cheltenham, and entered the Indian Army in 1857, becoming a General last year. He served with Hodson's Horse in the Indian Mutiny from 1857 to 1859, and he subsequently saw service on the North-Western Frontier in Abyssinia, Duffla, Acheen, Afghanistan, and the Soudan. In 1892-93 he commanded the Chin Hills Expedition, and officiated in the same capacity in the Tirah Campaign in 1897-98. His first wife, whom he married in 1867, was a daughter of Mr. Aylmer Harris. The present Lady Palmer is a daughter of Mr. Godfrey Shaw. Sir Arthur Palmer's long connection with Army matters in India eminently fits him for the onerous nature of the duties that are inseparable from his new position.

GENERAL SIR A. PALMER.

Unveiling of the Gladstone Statue.—Amidst the excitement inseparable from the relief of Mafeking the statue of Mr. Gladstone has been unveiled in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament, the ceremony taking place on the second anniversary of the death of the illustrious statesman. This is not the National Memorial, but one subscribed for among the late hon. gentleman's own supporters. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was entrusted with the proud task of unveiling, and alluded to the many-sided qualities of a man whom he described as "the greatest Parliamentary figure of our time." The statue, which has been carved from a flawless block of Carrara marble, 8ft. in height, is by that rising young sculptor, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy. Gladstone is represented in it as standing firmly and simply poised upon his feet. His right hand, thrown a little behind him, rests upon a pedestal, draped with the rich robe of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in his left he clenches somewhat convulsively a bundle of documents. The attitude and general aspect of the figure are extremely expressive and effective. The difficulties of the treatment of modern dress are not in any way shirked in it, but the breadth of execution that Mr. Pomeroy has accorded to them subdue all superfluous detail, so that the attention is led at once and concentrated upon the leonine and dominant face of the great Liberal statesman. Being treated with breadth and incisiveness, it holds its own well, even in the vast and somewhat dimly lighted hall in which it is to remain.

MAFEKING NIGHT IN LONDON: OUTSIDE THE PALACE THEATRE ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT THE GLAD NEWS WAS FIRST ANNOUNCED.

Ever and Anon a troop of young fellows, with flags in their hand and the tricolour round their hats, would march along to the somewhat discordant tones of a trumpet or a concertina, and give vent to a series of thrilling shouts for "B.-P."

Signora Duse has been more successful than ever at the Lyceum, although some of the plays in which she appears are, as Hamlet says, "caviare to the general." For example, "Gioconda," and "Princesse Georges," played on May 18. The latter is one of the extravagant plays of the younger Dumas, the main idea being the policy adopted by the Princess of warning the husband of her rival, the Countess of Terremonde, that his wife is faithless. The Count, who is violently jealous, wanders about with a revolver, and the Prince would have been shot but for the devotion of his deserted wife, who first saves his life and then forgives his conduct. This brings the play to an effective if not altogether satisfactory conclusion. It was produced in Paris in 1871, when the famous Mdlle. Desclée appeared as the heroine, and saved the play by her remarkable ability.

BUY THE "ILLUSTRATED WAR SPECIAL," PRINTED IN COLOURS, 1d., EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Jack the "Powerful."

WHO'S got a knack of coming up just in the "nick of time,"
Making wonderfully warmer for the foe the battle's clime?
Who keeps the old flag flying be the outlook e'er so black?
Why, the darling of all hearts and homes—the sailor, "handy" Jack.

It's the same the whole world over. Stands the foe and roars the fray,
And just for once maybe the tide of triumph turns their way.
There's the rumble of the naval gun, the sailors' hearty shout,
And then up comes the "Handy Man" and puts them all to rout.

It's the same the whole world over; when our hearts are on the wing,
And a jolly breezy hornpipe in our heads begins to ring,
And we half forget our worries and our woes, whate'er they be,
Be sure that Jack the "powerful" is coming home from sea.

Be sure that he has held his own 'mid battle or the breeze,
For he can man the naval gun as well as fight the seas.
And there never was a welcome like the sailor ever finds—
It's as boisterous and breezy as the ocean and the winds.

There's that hornpipe ringing in our heads—we know it heralds Jack—
And we feel our hearts a-going, and we cannot hold them back;
For we see that old flag flying still high over siege and bout,
And we can't forget the "Handy Man" who put our fears to rout.

For it was his knack of coming up just in the nick of time
That wonderfully warmer made and kept the foeman's clime.
There was pluck, we know, in Ladysmith, and, maybe, fear and doubt,
And then in walked the "Handy Men," and doubt and fear went out.

"Here we are!" cried Jack the "Handy Man," and right among the foe
Went a fiery message, with the compliments of Jack and Joe.
Ay, honour to that trusty sailor-soldier of the Queen
Who helped to keep that flag afloat—called Joe, the brave Marine.

"Here it is!" cried Jack and Joe, "and here we mean it for to stay;
We'll keep the old flag flying be the penance what it may."
And they *kept* the old flag flying—ay, long may it wave above
The shore we prize, the sea we rule, the sailor whom we love.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

The Mansion House Fund for the Transvaal War sufferers exceeds £920,000. The Lord Mayor has received an offer from the Duke of Portland, the chairman, and the Board of Management of the National Orphan Home for Girls, Ham Common, to admit fifty girls—children of men killed in the war—at specially reduced terms, which will be augmented by a contribution from the Mansion House Fund. Applications in respect of this offer may be addressed to the Lord Mayor. The girls eligible must be over eight years of age.

Wife: "Only think, John! It is a whole year since we got the piano! Well, you can't say I haven't made the best of the time." **Husband:** "A whole year, Martha! What happy times we used to have, didn't we?"

Johnnie (to his class-mate when the master's back is turned): "These examples what's in the 'rithmetics ain't no good. What I want to know is, if I swop my knife for a top an' six marbles, and then swop the top for a mouth-organ an' the marbles for an apple an' a jew's 'arp, an' then eat the apple, how much do I make?"

A PRACTICAL PROBLEM.

Willyum

By RICHARD MARSH.

[COPYRIGHT.]

I HAD been seated in the next chair to hers for at least two minutes. I felt that it was time to introduce myself.

"It 's a fine evening."

She turned, she looked me up and down, then she looked straight in front of her again.

"I don't know you."

But I was not to be crushed; there was something about the shape of her hat which suggested sociability.

"That is my misfortune rather than my fault."

"I don't know nothing at all about that. I do not speak to strangers as a rule. Sometimes there 's never no knowing who they are."

I felt that I was getting on—so I went on.

"What do you think of the band?"

"It 's not loud enough for me. I like a band as I can hear."

That broke the ice, and the conversation drifting on to personal topics, she explained to me that she had a young man, who, so to speak, was "resting," owing to what she called a "difference" which she had had with him. It struck me that the tale, as she told it, contained elements of tragedy.

"Bakers," she observed, "is what I like. I have a sister who likes butchers. To me there 's always the smell of the meat about a butcher. But it 's as you 're made. The worst of bakers is, they 're such a thirsty lot."

"Possibly," I suggested, "that is in a measure owing to the nature of their occupation."

"That may be, but still, there is a limit, and when a man is always drinking, I think it 's time for him to stop."

I thought so, too, but she went on—

"My young man—his name is Willyum Evans—is a baker, and him and me have been walking out together four years come next month. So I said to him, 'Willyum, it 's my day out Tuesday. I shall expect you to take me somewhere.' So he said, 'I will.' So I said, 'Hyde Park Corner, half-past ten.' I was there as the clock was striking, and a fine scuffle I had to get there, too: and, if you 'll believe me, he kept me waiting two hours and three-quarters by the clock what 's over the gate-keeper's lodge—which is longer than any gentleman ought to keep a lady waiting, I don't care who he is. So when he did come, I was a bit huffy.

"So I said, 'Well, Willyum, I hope I 've put you to no hurry, and it 's a pity you should have troubled yourself to come at this time of day, seeing as how I 'm just off home.' So he said, and he wiped his lips, and I could see he had had a moistener, if not more, 'It 's like this—I accidentally had an appointment, which was of the nature of business, and which I couldn't help; and that 's how it is I 'm a little behind.' 'I see,' I said, 'and it had something to do with pint pots, I have no doubt.' So he sat down on a seat, which was wet. I sat down likewise.

"So there we sat, neither of us saying nothing, till I began to feel a little damp, because I had my thin things on, and it was beginning to come down heavy. So I said, 'Well, Willyum, have you forgotten it 's my day out? I thought you was going to take me somewhere.' He said, 'So I am.' So I said, 'Where are you going to take me to? It 's getting on, and I 'm likewise getting wet'—which I was. So he said, 'What do you say to Battersea Park?' So I said, 'I say nothing. And the idea, Willyum, of your talking about taking me to Battersea Park when, as you very well know, it is raining cats and dogs, is not what I expected'—because, as he could very well see, I only had a parasol, which was red, and the rain was coming through, and the colour coming out.

"You must know that Willyum is that near about money that I never saw nothing like him. He has never given me nothing which he didn't want me to pay for, not even half a pint of beer. So I was not surprised when he said, 'The fact is, Matilda'—which is me—'I haven't got no money.' 'Well,' I said, 'that 's a nice thing—to promise to take me out, and then to have no money.' So I got up, and I said, 'Well, Willyum, I will now wish you a good day: because I have been here since half-past ten, and it is now past two, and my clothes is sticking to me, and I don't care to stop no longer.' So he said, 'Now, Matilda, don't you get disagreeable'—which I was beginning to feel it, and so I own. 'We are both of us having a day out,' he said, 'and don't let no bad tempers spoil our pleasure. I may have some money somewhere, unbeknown to myself, so I will look and see; though I must say I do think it hard that all the expenses should be borne by me.'

"So he begins feeling in his pockets, and presently he gives a kind of a start, and he brings out half-a-crown. 'There,' he said, 'is half-a-crown; and if you put five shillings to it, it will make seven and six!' 'No!' I said, 'I shall put no five shillings of mine to no half-crown of yours, and so the least said the soonest mended. And if you don't mind, I will go and get myself something to eat, being hungry, and having, I am thankful to say, money of my own with which to pay for it.' Then he gives another kind of a start, and he says, 'There! If I didn't make a pasty for you, last night, with my own hands, and I 've been sitting on it all the time,' which he had, and anything like the mess he 'd made of it you never saw. He held it out to me. 'No,' I said. 'I thank you. I am particular about my vittles, and I never eat no scraps, and still less things what have been sat down upon.' 'Well,' he said, 'it 's a pity it should be wasted; I 'll eat it myself.' Which he did, and me standing in the rain there looking on. That did put my back up. 'Mr. Evans,' I said, short and sharp, 'I wish you a good day. I am going.' So I goes. And he comes running after me, picking at the bits of pasty what was stuck to the paper; I must say this for Willyum: that it takes a deal to get his temper up. So I pulls up. 'Now, let us understand each other, Willyum, if you please. Are you going to pay for something for me to eat, or are you not?' He gives himself a kind of a shake, so as to get his courage up, and he says, 'You shall have anything you like to eat, at my expense, Matilda, so long as the cost does not exceed'—then he hesitated—'ninepence'—then he gave himself another kind of shake, which I took as a sign that his courage was running down—'for both the two of us.'

"That made me fairly wild—it really did. To think that he had promised to take me somewhere and that I had been more than three hours there in the rain, and got wet through, and my things all spoiled—which it was a new dress I had on, what I had got special for the occasion, and it had only come home from the dressmaker's the day before—and the colour coming out of my parasol—which was likewise new—and my hair all coming out of curl, and me feeling as limp as a rag, and starving hungry, and that he should want to put me off with fourpence-halfpenny worth of food, drawn from him as if it were his eye-tooth—it did make me feel really wild.

"I never said a word to him, but I walks right out of the park. He comes running after me, and he catches hold of my arm and he says, 'Now, Matilda, what did I say just now about letting no bad tempers spoil our pleasure?' I said, 'I don't know what your idea of pleasure is, but it isn't mine, and as I don't want to have no more to do with you, Mr. Evans, perhaps you will be so kind as to let me go.' But he holds on to me all the tighter, and he says, 'I tell you what, Matilda, a idea has just come into my head. My brother, as you have heard me talk about, lives close by here; we will go and dine with him. He being a married man, and with a comfortable home, he will be glad to see us.'

"Well, I didn't know what to do, not liking to have no quarrel with him in the street, so off we starts for his brother's. He took me to a mews what led out of Park Lane, and, as we was turning the corner, he said, 'There 's only this one thing about my brother: him and me has had a little difference of opinion, and he is not of a forgiving disposition.' So I said, 'Now, Willyum, what do you mean by that?' So he said, 'No. 32, on the other side, is where he lives, and if you was to go on and knock at the door, and ask for Mrs. Henry Evans, what is my brother's wife, so to speak, it might smooth the way.' So I said, 'I do not understand you. Just now you was saying as how your brother would be glad to see us. Are you now insinuating otherwise?' He catches a glimpse of my eye, and he sees the kind of mood I was in, and he plucks up, and he walks on, and he says, 'We will hope for the best. Do not let us spoil our day's pleasure by no disagreeable observations. There is never no knowing what might happen.' All of a sudden he cries out, 'There is my brother! Now, Matilda, don't you let him start hitting me.' And he jumps behind me, so as to get into the shadow, as it were. So I says, 'Willyum, whatever is the matter now? Your conduct do seem to me to be of the most extraordinary character.'

"And there was a great big giant of a man on the other side of the road, washing a carriage with a bucket of water and I don't know what, and as I moves on one side he catches sight of Willyum, and anything like the way in which he started swearing you never heard. 'Hollo,' he says, 'there 's that putty-faced brother of mine. I 've been looking for you for some time. Here 's something for you, Willyum.' And before I had no idea of what he was going to do, he catches up the bucket of water and he throws it over Willyum, and some of it went over me. Oh, dear me, you never saw nothing like the mess that I was in! And he grabs hold of Willyum by the collar, and he says, 'Hang me if I don't wipe down the street with you!' And he shouts out, ''Enrietta, here 's brother Willyum. Haven't you got anything for him? You bet your life he 's come for something.' And a window opens over the way, and a woman puts her head out, and she empties something out of a pail over Willyum, and again some of it went over me. Oh dear! oh dear! And that giant of a man he set about Willyum something cruel; and all the mews was in a uproar, and I hurried away as hard as ever I could, I was that frightened, and I got into a cab, just as I was—and you should have seen how the cabman stared—and drove right away to a sister of mine what lives at Camberwell, and I nearly cried my eyes out, and I 've never spoken to Willyum nor set eyes on him since then, which it 's a fortnight the day after to-morrow, and if you had been in my place, and had been treated as I was, would you have let things go on as usual, just as if there hadn't been no difference?"

No, I said, I should not. I should have insisted on their going on in quite a different kind of way.

And so I told her.

THE END.

The Queen and the Soldiers' Mother.—Her Majesty has forwarded a donation of three pounds to Mrs. Farthing, of Dehan, Essex, the mother of seven sons, six of whom have served in the Army, and three of whom are at present at the front.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (259 pages), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn., 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

FREE.

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements—

I had polypus in right ear since an attack of scarlatina 14 years ago, had it removed four times, it returned each time, ears were very tender, discharged great deal, hearing in right ear almost destroyed, much impaired in left, was growing worse. Have used Aerial Medication five months, hearing is quite restored, can hear better than I ever could, discharge from ear has stopped, have seen nothing of the polypus for three months. Everyone used to tell me how ill I looked, now they say how well and healthy I look.—MISS PRATLEY, Withridge Hailey, Witney.

For six years I suffered greatly from catarrh, headache, short breath, seemed to have lost use of the throat and upper part of chest. Have completed three months' Aerial Medication with gratifying results. The bleeding and discharge from nostrils stopped, weight increased one-and-a-half stone, the constricted feeling in chest entirely disappeared, voice has returned fully and strong after six years' absence.—JOHN H. MOORE, 56, Grove Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

I had catarrh over 25 years, severe pain over eyes and back of ears, stopped up feeling, free excessive discharge, voice very hoarse, and coughed great deal. Twenty-five years ago, my hearing began to fail; became so bad people had to talk very loud, ears dry and scaly, was troubled with crackling, singing and buzzing, and was growing worse. Commenced using Aerial Medication on Feb. 1897; in eight weeks could hear ordinary conversation, head and throat were greatly improved. In three months felt like a new man; have lost all pain; eyesight, hearing, and smell are quite restored; and I consider myself cured.—J. A. BATES, Wrays Cottages, Brook Street, Snodland, Kent.

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27. Red Lion Square. London.

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Doubles the Durability of Boots, prevents splashing, makes the Tread silent and Soft as on a Grass Lawn. Reduces Fatigue to a Minimum. Prevents slipping. Can be fixed in half a minute. Patented everywhere. Post free, Ladies', 1/- per pair; 3 pairs, 2/9; 6 pairs, 5/-. Gent's, 1/3 per pair; 3 pairs, 3/6; 6 pairs, 6/6. Send Paper Size of Heel required to the Works. *Agents wanted.*—REVOLVING HEEL CO., 13 P, NELSON, LANCASHIRE.

Youthful Looks
are retained when the hair keeps its natural colour. There is nothing so thoroughly satisfactory for this purpose as "VINCENT'S HAIR COLOUR RESTORER." It gives back the original colour and the lustrous beauty to the hair, prevents its falling off, and promotes its healthy growth.

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regains its original hue where "VINCENT'S HAIR COLOUR RESTORER" is used. It cannot injure the hair or skin, so that you need not have the slightest fear about using it. It cannot conceivably do harm, but must and will do good.

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Those who have tried it approve it. Mr. J. Davies, an Inspector of Police, writes:—"It is the cheapest and best preparation I have ever used, and far superior to some much-advertised compounds at six times the price!" Sold by Chemists at 1/-, but always insist on having Vincent's. Also supplied at address below at the same price, or trial bottle will be sent for 14 post free. Use it once only, and you will be convinced that *it is just what you are wanting.*

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BADEN-POWELL'S LONG VIGIL ENDED AT LAST: THE FINAL BOER ATTACK, WHICH WAS QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING.

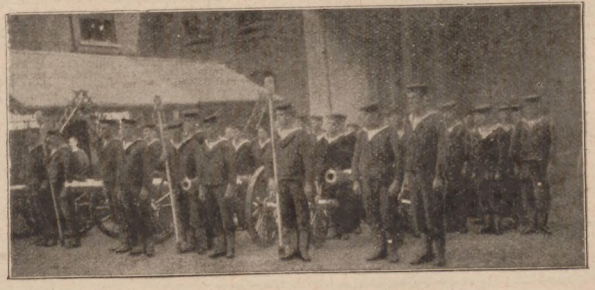
Photo. Gunn and Stuart, Stonne street, London.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MAJESTY IN 1900.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

TROOPING THE COLOUR: HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

SAILORS OF THE QUEEN.



BLUEJACKETS READY FOR THE TOURNAMENT.

Rosalind's Fashions.

FRE the lines I write have passed through the printer's to our readers' hands, we may be deep in summer sunshine, and clamouring for the most summery of summer attire; but at the moment of writing I must fain confess to anything but a joyous contemplation of all the flimsy prettiness spread out for our delectation in the daintiest of muslins, laces, mousselines, silks, and canvases; still, as everything comes to an end, nor'-easters must; and, as I have before remarked, a day may, in this most uncertain of all uncertain climates, transport us from wintry blasts to scorching sunshine; so that though we shiver at the idea of sporting such ethereal materials as muslins &c present, we must consider them as possibilities which may be necessary at any unexpected moment.

* * *

Quite Ethereal is the toque sketched recently at one of our smartest milliners, shown in Fig. 1. This is composed entirely of the finest tulle of a very delicate grey tint, the trimming or decoration consisting of a knot of cherry blossom, a small bunch of cherries, and a cherry-coloured aigrette. I introduce in this sketch a new mode of dressing the hair. The summery Leghorn hats are being shown a good deal by our best modistes, and I have seen a good many worn also at smart gatherings. They are shortened as to brim at the back, bent about a good deal, and with a high crown. The decoration almost invariably consists of knots of *big roses* of various colours, and narrow black ribbon velvet; the latter frequently forming strings tied under the left cheek.

A Smart Toque.

* * *

A Pretty Combination of silk and lace is shown in Fig. 2. The bolero is now presented in such endless forms that — like the drawing-room pieces of ancient history, with innumerable variations on some well-known theme, which became ultimately unrecognisable — we scarcely know it at times. The silk portion of the bodice here is a short bolero as regards the back, the front being brought up in a series of pleats frou-frou fashion; the shoulders having epaulettes on the same lines. The bolero is of green silk lined with chestnut pink, and stitched round all the edges; and is worn over a bodice (gathered into the waist) and sleeves of cream Irish guipure. This is a very pretty and dressy model, which could be carried out successfully in various colours and thin fabrics.

Pretty Combination of Silk and Lace.

* * *

Among the numerous black and white combinations many plaids are shown of great chic. In the modish model illustrated in Fig. 3 one of these plaids, it will be noticed, is introduced. The gown is of black cloth, the bodice made with another variety of the bolero, edged with white vandyked guipure, and worn over a pouched shirt of the plaid. The half sleeves are the mode of the moment, and are here, it will be seen, of the plaid silk from beneath the black cloth ones to the elbow. A panel of the silk is let in on either side of the long full skirt.

Black Cloth with Silk Plaid.

* * * * *

My Last Sketch is an example of one of the latest modes of the bolero. It has the appearance of being without fastenings, back or front, and is fastened on the shoulder and under the left arm with "fly" fastenings. This is of heliotrope cloth, cut up at intervals, and hanging loosely over an under-bodice of tucked silk of the dark claret shade of purple that tones so well with certain shades of heliotrope. The skirt of tucked silk is overhung with a tunic of cloth treated in the same fashion as the bolero.

LATEST STYLE OF BOLERO

Remember the Black Beetles, horrid things, and be sure to tell Cook to well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace last thing at night with Keating's Powder, the unrivalled Killer of Fleas, Beetles, Moths; also Lice in Children's Heads. Harmless to animals. Sold only in Tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. The new Tin Bellows, 9d.—[Advt.]

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

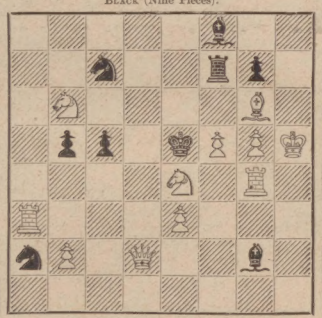
J. T. Brade.—Green's "Book for Beginners." George Bell and Co., York Street, Covent Garden.

Solution of Problem No. 322.

J. R to Q 2nd,	P takes R	2. B to B 2nd,	Mate
1. "	Kt takes P	2. Kt to K 2nd	"
1. "	P takes Kt	2. B to B 6th	" etc.

PROBLEM No. 323.—By W. H. GUNDRY.

Black (Nine Pieces).



White (Eleven Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT AT PARIS.

Once more chess masters, professionals and amateurs, have assembled from all parts of the world in Paris, in order to compete with each other for the tournament championship of the world. Dr. E. Lasker, the chess champion, is there, as well as H. N. Pillsbury, his keenest and nearest rival. Janowski will make a bold bid for fame, as well as Maroczy, Schlechter, and several minor lights. From England, Burn, Mason, and Mortimer have attended. The tournament is held in the sumptuous quarters of the Grand Cercle, 16, Boulevard Montmartre, and the chess-players receive hospitality on a lavish scale. The famous band of the Republican Guard played at their banquet. We only mention this fact in order to draw more forcible attention to the meanness, the ridiculous and ludicrous meanness, we ought to say, which prompts the committee to prevent the circulation of these games throughout the chess world by demanding an exorbitant fee for their publication. We venture to predict that they will not receive more than twenty or thirty pounds on that score, and thus we have the spectacle of a committee spending about £1500 upon a tournament, and then, for the sake of a paltry few pounds, preventing the chess world getting the benefit of their expenditure in money and labour. We cannot imagine any body of sensible, practical men adopting such a course; but, unfortunately, they gave way to the promptings of interested parties, whose sole aim is to secure for themselves a monopoly of the publication of games. We firmly believe that papers like the *Standard* and the *Field*, if they were aware of the true feeling of the chess press and chess-players on this matter, would not lend countenance to what is nothing more than a most unwarrantable tax on the publication of chess news.

The contest began on Thursday, and the principal results, including Saturday's play, were as follows: Lasker defeated Schlechter and Didier; Pillsbury defeated Tschigorin and twice drew against Showalter, the first draw not counting; Janowski defeated Marco and Mortimer; Burn defeated Sterling and Brody, and Maroczy defeated Mason and Brody.

"Nell Gwynne," performed as a one-act play at the Metropole the other day, turns out to be not an original production by Mr. Vanderfelt, as announced, but is the comedy by Douglas Jerrold, produced in January 1838 at Covent Garden, and cut down from two acts to one, some of Douglas Jerrold's sprightly dialogues being sacrificed in the process.

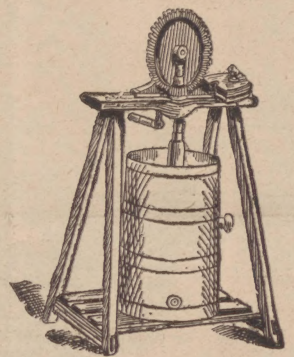
Sulpholine Skin Lotion.—The only effective remedy for Skin Troubles. Sulpholine quickly drives away Eruptions, Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads, and all Disfigurements, developing a fair spotless skin and beautiful complexion. Try Sulpholine Lotion, Shilling Bottles.—[Advt.]

The "P.I.P." Farmer.

BY A FRESH HAND.

A Speedy Churn.

THE query reaching me from Derbyshire as to the price of a vertical churn is readily answered, for at last winter's Dairy Show at Islington one of this pattern was brought to my notice. It has very much to recommend it, for it is easy to work, and is very cheap compared with other so-called "speedy" churns. Other advantages are that it is self-ventilating, very easily cleaned, and by its use it is next to impossible to over-churn. There has been such a large demand that the manufacturers have been induced to put smaller sizes on the market. It will produce butter in from eight to ten minutes—this I know from personal observation—and the whole process of churning can be watched. The grain of the butter made is excellent, and a very great advantage it has over many other churns is that the temperature can be taken and increased or reduced without stopping. I should also add that it churns at a very low temperature. The prices of the different sizes

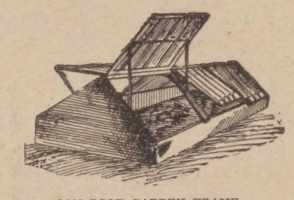


A Vertical Churn.

have been supplied to my correspondent, but I shall be pleased to forward similar details to any applicant.

Span-Roof Garden-Frame.

A frame of some sort is almost necessary in every garden, although there are many objections to rearing too large a quantity of presumably hardy plants under protection. Where cariness is a consideration, one must have recourse to a frame, and although one can very easily be made by the amateur able to do plain carpentry, it is doubtful if in the end the benefit derived is as great as if a really well-made frame had been bought at the outset. Things of this kind are so very cheap nowadays. My Illustration shows a span-roof frame 12 ft. by 6 ft., made of good redwood deal, sides and ends 1½ in. thick, and painted three coats of oil-colour. The lights are 2 in. thick, glazed with 21 oz. glass, the height of the sides being 14 in. The sides and ends are fastened together at the angles on quite a new and improved principle, so that they can be very easily put together or taken apart. The lights are hinged and fitted with "set-opes" which safely support them for



Span-Roof Garden-Frame.

ventilation, etc., and the hinges are so formed that the lights can be turned quite over or taken off at pleasure.

On Polo Ponies.

During the last few years increased interest has been taken in the breeding of polo ponies, and when just over twelve months ago Messrs. Miller, of Rugby, secured, at their sale, an average of £264 4s. per head for a draft—no less than 750 guineas being given for a mare—breeders naturally said that, after all, there was something in Sir Walter Gilbey's argument that the value of first-rate ponies has risen to a level which compels attention to their breeding as a probably remunerative branch of industry. A pony, to command a high price, must be able to carry from twelve to fourteen stone, and must be sound. The strain of playing a single "period" in a tournament match, in which a pony is required to make incessant twists, turns, sudden starts, at speed, and is continually being pulled up short, takes far more out of the pony than does a race out of the racehorse,

A Polo Pony.

or an average day's hunting out of the hunter. The marvel is not that fast and well-bred ponies capable of doing this should command fancy prices, but that such should be obtainable at any figure.

Dwarf Canna.

The Crozy dwarf canna, of which I give an Illustration, is not at all common, even in the largest gardens, but its beauty deserves greater appreciation. When only 8 in. or 10 in. in height it comes into flower, and its blooms are larger and more prettily variegated than in the case of the larger and more common varieties. It can easily be raised in the greenhouse, or for bedding in summer-time. The flowers range in colour from orange, crimson, yellow, scarlet, to scarlet on a yellow ground. The taller cannas are mostly grown for their ornamental foliage, the

Dwarf Canna.

characteristics of the leading varieties being as follows: Aurantiaca, broad leaves, stout stem, orange-coloured flowers; bihorelli, one of the bronzed-leaved varieties, dwarf habit and good shape; gigantea, robust-growing variety, strong stems, forms a fine background; nigricans, fine bronze-leaved kind, crimson bloom; zebrina, long foliage, striped and shaded, very attractive scarlet flower; Warszewiczi, dark stems and shaded foliage, dark red blossom.

Our Rural Readers

who write to complain of the difficulty they sometimes experience in getting copies should prevent disappointment by doing as I do—namely, give a standing order to the nearest newsagent to supply *The Penny Illustrated Paper* regularly every Friday morning all the year round; or if you live at a distance from any town, subscribe in advance at the *P.I.P.* Office. Terms: For the United Kingdom: Yearly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Christmas Number, 9d. extra. Abroad: Yearly, 8s. 8d.; half-yearly, 4s. 4d. Christmas Number, 9d. extra. All subscriptions must be paid in advance direct by Post Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office to the Publishers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

DRAUGHTS.

Correct Solutions from F. W. Bush, Captain Challice, G.W.R., T. F. Cleary, A. Coleman, A. Heffernan, J. E. Jones, J. Morrin, J. Stratton, and J. H. White.

T. F. C.—Accepted, but rather easy.

A. H.—No prizes. Black can win by 11—8 and 11 7.

J. M.—Sorry to find your position can be won by 4—8 and 10—14. Will be glad to receive your games.

T. N.—26—22, at fifth move, is not good. Try 28—24.

A. Roach.—Accepted.

J. H. White.—Not difficult. Will find room for it by-and-by.

Thanks to all.

Solution of Problem No. 284. By J. Adams.

Black: 3, 4, 5, 17, 25, 27, 9K.
White: 10, 12, 15, 19, 23, 1K, 32K.

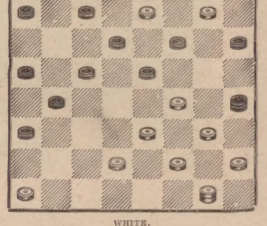
White to move, and win.

10 7	1 6	19 15	32 30	26 22
3—10	2—9	11—18	5—9	W. wins.
15 6	12 8	23 14	30 26	
9—2	4—11	9—18	9—14	

PROBLEM No. 285.

By B. J. CONWAY (London).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

GAME No. 236.

Played by correspondence between Watkins ("Queen's") and Ross (70th B., R.F.A.), India. "Double Corner" (*).

Ross	played	Black.			
9—14*	29 25	6—24	7 3	12—16	
22 18	7—11	32 28	28—32	17 14	
5—9	25 22	3—8	26 23	23—18	
24 19	16—20	28 19	9—14	14 10	
11—15	19 16	8—12	3 7	18—23	
18 11	12—19	30 26	14—18	6 1	
8—24	23 7	11—16	23 14	16—20	
28 19	2—11	19 15	32—23	10 6	
4—8	22 17	16—19	14 9		
25 22	14—23	15 10	20—24		
8—11	26 19	19—24	21 17		
22 18	10—14	10 7	1—5	Drawn.	
11—16	17 10	24—28	9 6		

Improvements invited.

For Value Received.—A remarkably soothing and recuperative effect is experienced by all who take Horlick's Malted Milk. It is satisfying as well, and enables business men and brain-workers to dispense with stimulants, and to obtain something for their money which will do them permanent good. Of all chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. Send for free sample and explanatory matter to Horlick and Co., 34, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.—[Advt.]

A Japanese Actor and Actress, described by an American critic as the Irving and Ellen Terry of Japan, appeared on May 22 at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill. One of the plays in which they perform is a kind of "Pygmalion and Galatea." It may be said that the lady is very graceful, and tells than is usual with the Japanese fair sex, while the actor has studied European dramatists with no little success, and plays with much vigour in "Hamlet" and the "Merchant of Venice."

A GLASSBLOWER

AND

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We live in an intensely ambitious world. What wonder we break down. All of us overtax ourselves at times and have to pay the penalty by enduring Nervousness, Neuralgia, and more or less exhaustion, so that we often need Tonic treatment. Guy's Tonic tones up the System as nothing else can. It allays Nervousness and brings sound sleep. The Nerve Structures are fed and nourished from the Food you have eaten, acted upon by Guy's Tonic. It aids assimilation of the essences needed to sustain Nerve life. These properties make Guy's Tonic a remedy that will restore Exhausted Nerves to their full vigour. Guy's Tonic rapidly and surely builds up a shattered Nervous System. That is what Doctors say when ordering it for patients.

Miss Ada Smythe, of 125, High Street, Rushden, writes on October 12—

"For a long time I was suffering from Weakness "and General Debility. I had been taking every "kind of Tonic I could think of, but all to no "purpose, until my brother advised me to try "Guy's Tonic, as he had been taking it. Guy's "Tonic is the only medicine he will take now—he "has no faith in any other. I am pleased to say "that after taking two bottles of Guy's Tonic "I felt quite well, and whenever I feel a little "Run-down I just take another bottle which puts "me right again. I shall most decidedly tell all "my friends to try a bottle of Guy's Tonic when "not feeling well."

Mr. W. W. Waterhouse, of Wombwell, near Barnsley, writes—

"For the past four years I have suffered from "that terrible malady, Nervous Debility, not "being able to do a day's work in that time. It "is with great pleasure now that I bear my "testimony to Guy's Tonic. It is a wonderful "medicine—a great discovery. I write thankfully, "feeling its Benefit."

Edwin H. Stout, Esq., Manager of *The Review of Reviews*, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., writes—

"I often use Guy's Tonic myself with advan"tage, and our Family Doctor frequently pre"scribes it as one of the Best Tonics he can give."

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

CHEERS FOR BADEN-POWELL AND HIS HEROIC GARRISON.

THE Joyful News of the Relief of Mafeking did not reach me till Saturday morning last, when I feel sure the glad excitement that pervaded our house from kitchen to attic fairly represented the sentiment that prevailed throughout the Empire. Union Jacks were at once hung on our outer walls. We embraced each other, and then shook hands with more than usual fervour. I need hardly add that we debated what we should wear in honour of Baden-Powell. One young friend was in favour of a Union Jack silk bodice, and a "B.-P." hat, but they were not at hand, alas! Khaki became our only wear. We soon found ourselves sympathising with the suspenseful townsfolk of Mafeking, and with the gallant Baden-Powell's courageous garrison and our Premier's brave soldier son; and we read with deep interest that kind-hearted telegram in which the Lord Mayor offered the heroic "B.-P." any money the long-suffering garrison might need. I must add my personal tribute of thanks to Lady Sarah Wilson for the cheerfulness with which she wrote those engrossing letters from Mafeking to the *Daily Mail*. The scene in the heart of the City, and indeed throughout the Metropolis, on the Friday night and all day Saturday, beggared description. I refer you to the accompanying photograph for an idea of the crowded state of the large space between the Mansion House, Bank of England, and Royal Exchange last Saturday morning.

"God Save the Queen!"

By the time these lines are in print the birthday of our noble and venerable Queen will have been celebrated throughout the whole of this great Empire with an amount of enthusiastic loyalty never before accorded to it. Always beloved and admired, Queen Victoria has within the past few months so endeared herself to her subjects in Great Britain and Greater Britain that her sons and daughters have felt it all but impossible to give expression to the love and reverence which they feel for her. Who but our Queen would have thought of bestowing such thoughtful kindness upon the men who have

Fought and Bled for Her

in South Africa? Depend upon it, many a brave and simple fellow's heart was full to bursting on May 24, when he and his comrades shouted and sang "God Save the Queen!" on the wide, inhospitable veldt, where so many of Britain's gallant sons lie in their lonely but honoured graves. It is but a few days since Victoria, Queen and Empress, paid her third visit to

Her Wounded Soldiers at Netley,

bringing with her the soothing balm of sympathy and real practical kindness. It is easy to say "God Save the Queen!" but let us all feel when we say it that she is a well-loved Queen, of whom the great English nation may well be proud.

Melba and Calve.

The Royal Opera (whose patriotic ebullition on Mafeking Relief night is sketched on an early page) continues to be wonderfully well attended, the flower of the aristocracy filling stalls and boxes, and Royalty being represented nearly every night. Madame Calvé, in splendid form, has excelled herself by her animated singing and acting as Carmen. Miss Margaret Macintyre, as Aïda, scored as well as Madame Suzanne Adams did as Marguerite and Fräulein Ternina as Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser."

The first appearance of Madame Melba, postponed on account of a most regrettable cold from May 14, attracted a full and brilliant audience last Monday night, and the unrivalled Australian prima donna, velvety of voice and bewitching as ever, not only captivated the susceptible Rudolphe in Puccini's lyric version of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème" (to which the late George Du Maurier was probably indebted for the germ idea of "Trilby"), but evoked the rapturous applause of the whole house. Albeit plump for the part, Madame Melba was in superb voice; and the great songstress had the good fortune to be coupled with one of the sweetest tenors Covent Garden has heard for years in Signor Bonci, whose exquisitely sympathetic voice and earnest style cannot fail to charm. Both Mimi and Rudolphe were deservedly recalled repeatedly. The Musetta of Madame Eldée was another success, the florid singing and coquettish style of this capricious dame of Bohemian Paris being most natural and lifelike. What a happy family party the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria, Princess Margaret of Connaught and her beaming father, the Duke of Connaught, made when I caught sight of them chatting together in the Royal box between the acts!

While the National Anthem has been sounding all over the English-speaking world, in London hundreds have been flocking to the Empress Rooms, at the Palace Hotel, Kensington, to attend

The Grand National Bazaar,

opened on Wednesday, the 24th, by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and on the 25th by the Duke of Cambridge. It is reported that on Saturday, the 26th, Sir George White will perform the opening ceremony. The bazaar is the most novel and attractive held in London since the "Peasant Festival" of many years ago. All the well-known leaders of fashion, women of high rank and great beauty, are stall-holders, and each stall represents a regiment, a town, a county, or a province in the United Kingdom.

DESIGN OF THE BADGE SOLD IN AID OF THE NATIONAL BAZAAR WAR FUNDS.

I See that Lady Georgiana Curzon

has started a fund for the relief of the sorely tried people of Mafeking, who have been absolutely ruined by the War. Their houses and shops have been knocked to pieces by shells, and their business has been at a standstill for months.

The Princess of Wales

has generously given a hundred pounds to this fund, and the Baroness de Rothschild has liberally donated three hundred. The besieged had been reduced to eating brawn made from

THE CITY OF LONDON'S MAFEKING DEMONSTRATION LAST SATURDAY MORNING: THE PATRIOTIC CROWD SINGING "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" AND "RULE, BRITANNIA!" NEAR THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND BANK OF ENGLAND.

MAFEKING DAY IN LONDON: SCENE OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE LAST SATURDAY.

Not a Question of Colour Only.

Yellow is a beautiful colour. It is one of the original seven colours; and if they are reducible to three, as some scientists asseverate, one of the three is still the yellow. All artists whose names are immortal loved the bright colours. Turner revelled in them—this in pictures on canvas.

But when it comes to yellow as a colour of the *human skin*, a skin that is naturally white, it may be a different matter. Here we have Mrs. Sarah Robinson, who says that in November, 1884, her skin was yellow as a marigold. Had this hue been put on from the *outside*, as children in early summer sometimes daub each other's faces with the dandelion flower, it would have been nothing to notice. She could have rubbed it off with a damp rag.

But, alas! for the lady. The pigments which gave her skin this striking tint were manufactured on the *inside*, and carried to the surface by the blood on its rounds. There was no washing it off, and the mere *look* of it was not so worrying as the *meaning* of it.

At the time the yellow colour showed itself she was in poor health. She felt dull and drowsy; her mouth tasted badly, and there was a thick deposit of fur on her tongue. After the simplest meal she felt as if a heavy weight lay on her chest and stomach; and her heart palpitated so as to fret and frighten her. What with all these troubles she would, on some days, faint as many as five or six times.

Then, too, Mrs. Robinson often fairly tired herself out trying to bring up the phlegm that gathered in her stomach and throat. Her breath seemed to go no more than half-way down, and when she lay prone on the bed, she came nigh to suffocating. To remedy this they had to raise her to a partially sitting position. It will need no expert to make us see that under the circumstances she was sure to lose sleep, rest, and flesh.

So, indeed, she did, getting thinner and thinner, until there was hardly more substance to her than there is to a shadow—*her very words*. This kind of thing ran into weakness, of course. Why, when she crawled across the floor you would have been shocked to see her. Your comment (all to yourself) would have been, "Well, poor thing, she can't stand *that* much longer. In a few months' time the blinds will be drawn."

For weeks and weeks Mrs. Robinson lay in bed, taking medicines prescribed by as good doctors as anybody could expect to find; yet the disease was stronger than they. In all she had about *thirteen years* of suffering from this wretched complaint. Never a day's health from start to finish of that period.

In October, 1896, she was so bad that it was thought she tottered over an open grave. She was bathed in a clammy perspiration, and had so much pain that she could not be still on account of it. "Even a drink of water punished me," she says, "and if I took a trifle of milk it came up again immediately."

The cramp in her stomach and legs (a bad sign) was fearful, and she honestly hoped that death would soon give her the only peace she was to know.

"In December, 1897," Mrs. Robinson adds, "nothing would suit my mother but that I must try Mother Seigel's Syrup. 'You ought to have taken it long ago,' my mother said, 'but it may not be too late even now.'

"I thought I was too far gone for Seigel's Syrup or anything else, but my husband got this medicine, and I commenced taking it. In a month's time I felt it was doing me good. So I took heart and kept on. I soon began to want solid food, and could eat it without pain to follow. My heart began to go right, and I got good sleep. My strength returned like the slow tide coming in, and *in four months I was able to do my house-work*. I am now in better health than for fourteen years.

"I will gladly see anyone who wishes further details, and will answer letters. Such a case as mine should, I feel, be known; not for the sake of Mother Seigel's Syrup, but for the people's sake."—SARAH ROBINSON, 40, Washington Cottages, Washington Village, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, December 15, 1898.

The yellow colour is all gone from Mrs. Robinson's skin because her liver, set in order by Mother Seigel's Syrup, sends the bile along its proper road out of the system, and does not allow it to stay and poison the blood and stain the skin and eyes. Still, the mere colour *as* colour is nothing; it is the *deadly acids which lie behind it* that count. These the Syrup scatters and expels, as it tones and renews the organs whereon life and health depend.

Therefore do not try idle experiments in ignorance; use Mother Seigel's Syrup, which has a reputation and a record for success, even in cases as desperate as Mrs. Robinson's—long life and good fortune to her!

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(Signed) "W. HOWE,

"2nd Royal Fusiliers, Field Force, Natal."

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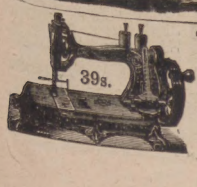

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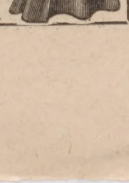

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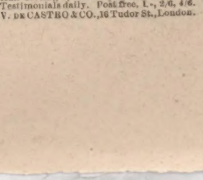

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the hides of horses and oxen, minced mule, and curried locusts. The latter are very clean feeders, so they must be less nasty than might be supposed, but I fear that they are not very nourishing. I do not fancy "minced mule" myself, but we do not know what it is to be on such short commons as the gallant defenders of Mafeking have been for the last seven months, under the eagle eyes of noble Colonel Baden-Powell.

I hope that those of my readers who would like to know where a first-rate lady cook who will go out to dress dinners is to be found, will scan the columns of the *P.I.P.* this week for her advertisement. I should not mention her here if I were not personally aware of her capabilities as a cook.

In giving a poem which is sure to touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of every reader, I may take the opportunity to mention that the authoress, Winifred E. Heard, has been much gratified by receiving a charming letter of thanks from General Buller's daughter, thanking her on behalf of her father for her lines on the Relief of Ladysmith.

The Siege of Mafeking.

(All Rights Reserved by Winifred E. Heard.)

Brother, hope is born at daylight,
Hope that every bosom thrills,
Of "Relief" that may be coming
For us all across the hills.
Lighted now by God's own sunlight,
At the first sweet dawn of day
Shall we still be captives, brother,
When the sunlight dies away?
Shall we still be waiting—waiting
For another break of day?

'Tis "Relief"; suspense has ended.
Brother, see, our pain is past;
Hark! the voices loudly cheering
Reach our longing ears at last.
Hunger shall no more distress us,
Bitter waiting that has been;
Only one thing we remember—
We are "Soldiers of the Queen"!

I am glad to announce that the

"Woman's Exhibition"

at Earl's Court is very interesting, but as yet the weather has been against it. It has given employment to a great many girls and women, and, of course, a corresponding number of men have been thrown out of work. But perhaps men are scarce in London this year owing to the drain caused by the war. The waiters at the restaurants and tea-gardens have vanished, and girls have taken their place. Even at the turnstiles at the different entrances to the building, and at the various shows inside, there are women in uniform.

The band-stand, occupied for so many years by Dan Godfrey and his accomplished bandsmen, is now presided over by a lady band-mistress, who leads a company of women in smart semi-military attire, and, in the Empress Gardens, the band-stand is occupied by women in Hussar uniform. Why the women so engaged should be

Dressed to Resemble Men

as much as possible I cannot explain, but it would seem that modest attire does not attract as much as a martial masquerade. The Kaffir Kraal of last year is this year a village composed of large straw huts, in which there are about fifty Dinka women from the Soudan, a few men, and some children. These women, who have

Coal-Black Skins,

are picturesquely dressed in bright crimson garments. Many of them wear silver nose-rings, and a few have rings in the upper lip also. These Soudanese have never before left their own country, and they are a very interesting tribe. Among the exhibits to see are the pictures of Japanese beauties, lent by Mrs. Ernest Hart, and the collection of very rare

Needlework Pictures

sent by the Duchess of Devonshire from Hardwicke Hall. Among the amusements are the ever-popular water-chute, switchback railway, and great wheel; but the machinery by which all three are worked is still, perhaps the public will be glad to hear, in the hands of men. Given a fine summer, the exhibition will be very attractive; but experience alone can tell whether the band-stands "manned" by women will be as popular as the Grenadiers. MARGUERITE.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have the great happiness and pleasure to announce to you that the news of the relief of Mafeking has just been received."

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL ANNOUNCING THE RELIEF OF MAFEKING AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

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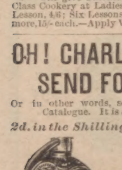

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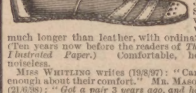

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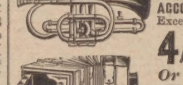

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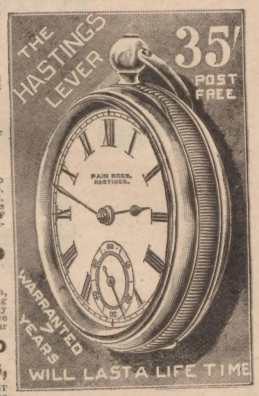

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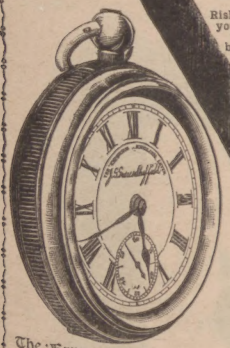

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